

Essex Herald.

HENRY C. BATES, EDITOR.

VOL. I.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL, POLITICAL AND GENERAL NEWS, AND THE INTERESTS OF ESSEX COUNTY.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

GUILDHALL, VERMONT, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1873.

NO. 17.

My April Love.

An April maiden is my love!
So full of moods is she,
I hardly know, to tell the truth,
Which mood most pleases me.
Her smiles are as bewildering
As April's sunniest day—
So tender, I am fain to wish
They ne'er may pass away.

But if my love doth charm me so
When she with mirth o'erflows,
How can I tell the strange sweet spell
Her sadness o'er me throws?
Like violets bathed in morning dew
Her dear eyes seem to be;
And then I think she's dearer yet
Than e'er before to me!

All smiles and tears, my little love
Is like an April day.
For sunshine gleams past clouds,
By sunbeams chased away.
Ah me! which mood doth please me most
I fear will ne'er be known;
But what care I, since in them all
Her heart is still my own!

Among the Alligators.

A Noted Hunter Relates his Experience with the Monarch of the Lagoon.

A San correspondent has been interviewing an old Florida alligator hunter, and from him gained some interesting information relative to the monsters of the lagoon. Formerly the lagoons and lakes, as well as the river itself, above Enterprise, were filled with alligators. They are thicker there now than on any other part of the St. Johns. If a passenger on a river boat killed an alligator, he was rewarded with a dollar. One day, the hunter, marked the spot. Occasionally three or four alligators would be killed inside of three miles. Capt. Cone would then cast off his little boat, retrace his course and skin the animals. He gets seventy-five cents a piece for the hides delivered in Jacksonville. At this time he was filling an order from a London firm, through a Jacksonville merchant, for 3,000 hides. Said Cone—these were skins marked three hundred and forty odd "gators," I reckon. I have bagged. You see huntin' gators haint what it used to be. There haint the number o' gators in the first place, and the big gators are more scarce. I reckon they know more than I do. I knowed one. Now, I can remember three or four years ago when 'gator hides was with from two to four dollars apiece in Jacksonville. Now they haint worth a quarter as much. Correspondent—How large was the biggest 'gator killed by you this season? Capt. Cone—Not over ten feet. The 'gators are little this season, I reckon, or the big ones is too plaguey scarce. But it's all the same on the hides. One hide's worth as much as 't'other. Correspondent—How long does it take you to skin an alligator? Capt. Cone—Well, I done peeled the bark from a 'gator in twelve minutes. I'll evered fifteen minits, I reckon. At this point two passengers saw an alligator on the right of the boat, and opened fire. The old 'gator hunter straightened himself up, grabbed his rifle and rushed on the other side of the pilot house just in time to see the slimy black animal slide into the water. "Now," said Capt. Cone, on his return, "the heep o' lead that is thrown away on 'gators by the right of the water, come down to Florida every winter, is more than any man 'ud reckon on. Yesterday a die-hard signified to me that he thought he saw a 'gator with his head out of the water, and he went to pitchin' bullets into that here 'gator. He had one of these rifles that shoots eighteen times one after another without stoppin', and I'll be dog-goned if he didn't put eighteen bullets into the 'gator, and the 'gator stood it. 'Twas nothing but a sunken log stickin' out of the water after all." The old 'gator hunter said that he had killed a few alligators by moonlight. Occasionally he found them in the night time away from the river, prowling for food in the pine woods. In the pine woods, the Southern Florida are filled with alligators. I found them thicker there than in any other spot. The woods are frequently cut up into swamps and savannas, and water stands in these places all the year round. The alligator makes large holes in these swamps and savannas. He covers the holes with dried cane grass, and the water can find of a similar nature. This covering is raised like a cone, and is two or three feet in height. There is a hole in one side of the covering, through which the 'gator crawls out and in. In these holes the female alligator raises her family. In Turnbull swamp, near New Smyrna, I saw an alligator hole which seemed to be filled with young ones about eight inches long. I was hunting deer with Mr. A. Alexander of Woodburn farm, Kentucky, and Capt. Frank Sams, a prominent Indian river hunter. Sams was about to put his hand in the hole to pick up one of the little 'gators when Mr. Alexander shouted, "Hold on, Sams, there's an old she one in that hole, and she's watching you. I can see her head." Mr. Alexander then drew a bead on the old she one, and fired. There was a thrashing of the water as if a tiger had fallen into a cistern. Mr. Alexander had hit the old 'gator, but had not killed her. In her agony she had thrown one of the little fellows near the mouth of her nest. Sams snatched it up and put it in his pocket. The little fellow was very lively, and his eyes were as bright as diamonds. We took him to Lowry's Hotel at Smyrna and tied him on the mantelpiece. He became quite tame and would amuse himself by catching flies. He was very pugnacious and would croak and snap at little sticks on the slightest provocation. About Smyrna there are thousands of alligators. The people there say it does not pay to kill them for their hides, as Smyrna is too far from a market.

It was sundown when Capt. Cone prepared to leave the boat. He said he knew where there were two 'gators in a marsh near an old Indian mound, and he was going after them. As he entered his boat I asked him what was the length of the largest 'gator he had ever killed. "Fifteen feet and two inches, I reckon," he shouted back. He then hoisted his sail, and we soon lost sight of him in the tall maiden cane.

The King of Confidence.

An Old Swindler under a New Name—J. Howard Livingston, who Operated in New York in 1871.

The New Orleans papers of a recent date give the following details of the operations of a confidence man, named Henry A. Livingston, who claims to be a brother-in-law of Colonel Tom Scott, of Pennsylvania. This man is evidently the fellow who operated in New York in 1870-71, and not only swindled so many of our citizens, but deceived many of our acquaintances. He was "looked for" by Detective Warren, who never captured him, however.

Several prominent railroad men in New Orleans have just escaped a magnificent swindle, and are congratulating themselves so much upon their good luck that they don't care much about looking for the swindler. A man, calling himself Henry A. Livingston, hailing from St. Louis, who had the general cut of a railroad conductor from his boots to his cap, suddenly appeared among them. He stated that he was the brother-in-law of Colonel Thomas Scott, of the Pennsylvania Company, and showed various home letters purporting to be from that railroad king.

His wife was, according to his story, Colonel Scott's only child. He had lost three or four children in St. Louis by fever, but had his wife and two children left. He had been unfortunate, and did not wish to call directly upon brother "Tom" if he could help it, though he showed letters apparently genuine giving him permission to draw on the account of "Tom" for any amount not exceeding \$50,000. He began by securing pecuniary assistance, and wanting only work in some railroad capacity; he refused such insignificant offers as \$500 or \$800, which were made. In this way he established unlimited confidence, and the usually wide-awake railroad men were thrown completely off their guard. At length he succeeded in getting to accept a few thousand dollars from several of them, and wanted to get bank accommodations for \$38,000, as he had seen a residence which he wished to purchase immediately, before it was snatched up at a great bargain by some body else. His private letters did not quite satisfy the bank, and the bank officers told him that he must get a regular letter of credit from Colonel Scott, which they would honor. This he agreed to do, and the next day showed a telegram signed by Scott and in a few days the letter of credit came. In the meantime, however, it was ascertained that he had got a telegraph office blank and written his own dispatch, and had had several hundred railroad passes printed in a job office in New Orleans. His few friends caught and cornered him in his room, and got back various sums of money they had loaned him. The fellow being economical after all. Colonel Tom Scott telegraphed them that Livingston was a fraud, and he has not yet presented his letter of credit to the bank or brought the contemplated mansion. There is a woman mixed up with him some way, who probably represents his wife and writes a very beautiful female hand.

The New Orleans Times says that Livingston obtained the telegraph blanks by representing himself as assistant Superintendent of the New Orleans and Jackson Railroad. The fellow appeared at the Jackson depot in New Orleans with forged authority to act as conductor, and thus laid the plan for his future operations. The Times, after detailing Livingston's career among the blacks and the financial circles of the Crescent city, says that it is now understood that Livingston is a professional swindler. He had two confederates—a man and a woman—the female acting the part of the sick wife. This woman is about seventeen years of age, and hails from Missouri, and she is now enroute, and has gone to Mobile, while Livingston is hid back of town among colored people—in fact, he has made his residence among black people ever since his arrival in this section of country.

It may be remarked that Livingston failed to swindle the New Orleans tradesmen, and diverting himself of his conductor's uniform and badge, is now in the negro quarters awaiting an opportunity to escape. We believe that there is a large standing reward for the capture of this forger and woman slayer, who may turn up, after two years' sleep, in New Orleans.

Religious Statistics of the Census.

The church statistics of the late census furnish some very interesting facts. The church buildings in the United States number 62,552, affording accommodations for 11,395,542 persons out of the 27,900,000 individuals over ten years old in the country. The total value of church property is \$949,619,780. The annexed table will show the strength of the various denominations in the order of their numerical preponderance:

Denominations.	Number of churches.	Value of property.
Methodist.	21,337	\$13,926
Baptist.	13,926	\$7,071
Presbyterian.	7,071	\$3,822
Catholic.	3,822	\$2,776
Lutheran.	2,776	\$2,715
Congregationalist.	2,715	\$2,091
Episcopal.	2,091	\$1,445
German Reformed.	1,445	\$622
Friends.	622	\$310
Universalist.	310	\$17
Mormons.	17	\$250
Jews.	12	\$97

The percentages given in the above table, in each case (with the exception of the Mormons), much less than those of the decade between the years 1850 and 1860. The Universalists and the Friends, or Quakers, lost nine per cent. during the last decade. Of all the creeds, the Methodists stand first in respect to the aggregate value of church edifices, the Catholics second, the Presbyterians third, the Baptists fourth, the Episcopalians fifth, and the Congregationalists sixth. A singular fact connected with the churches is found in the fact that the smaller the church membership the greater the literary ability displayed as compared with the churches of greater membership.

A Kansas paper describes a man as being "as sociable as a batch of candidates two weeks before election."

Peculiar People.

We remember one old man, says an exchange, with a mania for litigation, whose favorite amusement was suing his sons and daughters on all imaginable pretexts. Once in a suit, no matter how small the amount at issue might be, he would spare neither money nor time to push the litigation just as far as the law would let it go, and that too in spite of the fact that all other matters he was as penurious as a miser. We knew another man once who, in riding on horseback, would always sit with his back toward the animal's head, because he believed it a sin for anybody to sit otherwise on horseback since Balaam's time. Another, a neighbor of this one, would never get out without his hat as soon as a rain began, and would walk thus for hours over his farm, returning only when the rain ceased or night set in. Another would not allow on his table sweet pickles or any salad-dressing in which vinegar and sugar were mixed, even though he was abundantly supplied with pickles or dressing to his taste. In the same neighborhood lived (and still lives, we believe) a gentleman who has belonged to seven different churches, and whose oddities of other kinds are innumerable. For many years he thought walking the only proper mode of locomotion, and so he walked everywhere, even to the city, forty miles away. Suddenly he became convinced that walking was not the proper thing, and ceased to walk altogether outside the house.

Somewhat less strange than these was the case of a gentleman of high culture and courtly manners, who would never, on any account, bid any one adieu, even when the separation was to last but a short time. He would, however, for the purpose of avoiding this without seeming guilty of discourtesy, and rarely ever failed to accomplish his purpose. But in any event he positively would not say goodbye; and if he could not evade it by taking French leave or in any other way, he would abruptly turn his back upon his friends and leave without a word, and he would do this once for a journey of many months, and gave no notice whatever of his intention to go, even to his own family. He left the house without baggage, apparently for a ten minutes' walk, and sent back a note by a servant, saying that he would wait in New York for his trunks to arrive by express.

A good many peculiarities, of which we are too apt to make sport, are the result of nervous disease. Several cases of the kind have come within our knowledge. One of them was that of a young man who would be seized with an irresistible impulse to touch, with hand or foot, some object within sight. He would rise from his desk, when writing, and cross the office to touch a particular spot on the wall or the leg of a particular chair. When walking along the street he would feel bound to touch a post here and a tree there, so that his progress was often seriously impeded by the nervous necessity. Sometimes the impulse would seize him after he had passed the object, and he would be compelled to return to it. His first meeting with the lady who afterwards became his wife was at a party where, seeing her, a stranger, on the opposite side of the room, he was suddenly impelled to cross the floor for the purpose of laying his finger on her nose, a proceeding which he regretted both to explain and apologize for in an interview with the lady next day. The explanation led to an acquaintance which ripened into a friendship and ended in a marriage. But if any novelist had told this life-story in a book, who would not have thought it an utterly improbable one?

Hard Drinking Times.

It was a hard drinking time, says a letter writer, referring to many years ago in the old country, a time of bacchanalian toasts and royal bumpers, when "the night was young yet—the cald" and rose up late from the dining-table. When at certain periods of the evening a boy was introduced under the table to unloose the neckcloths of gentlemen who fell down drunk; and when a remonstrance at someone more temperate than another passing the decanter was thought to be more stringent. It was enforced by carrying out the fact that "the night was young yet—the cald" not under the table! All classes of society drank, and drank frequently to excess too. A jovial farmer would go into a tavern when the landlady was "setting" a hen, and would never come out again until the chickens were running about. His superiors might not carry things to such an extent, but a two days' drinking-bout was thought the most common thing in the world, and the capacity for standing a certain number of bottles of a thorough good fellow. These were the days of five-bottle men, and in St. Andrew's University was a student's club called the Nine-Fumber Club, the test of fitness for entrance into which was the ability of the candidate, after drinking nine tumblers of hot whiskey toddy, to pronounce articulately the words, "Biblical crit-crit-crit." A miserly old laird used to make it his boast, that so popular a man was he that he could go to market with sixpence in his pocket, and come home drunk with the sixpence still in it.

THE MARRIAGE SERVICE.—An English clergyman lately reported to the contemporary some of the blunders he had heard in the marriage service by that class of persons who have to pick up the words as best they can by hearing them repeated by others. He said that in his own parish it was quite the fashion for a man, when giving the ring, to say to the woman, "With my body thee I wash up, and with all my hurdle goods I thee and thou." He said the women were generally better up in this part of the service than the men. One day, however, a bride started him by promising, in what she supposed to be the language of the prayer-book, to take her husband "to ave and to hold from this day forth, for better horse for richer power, in sickness and health, to love cherries, and to bay." What meaning this extraordinary vow conveyed to her own mind the clergyman said it baffled him to conjecture.

The Island of Cuba.

Interview of the Herald Correspondent, O'Kelly, with Cespedes, the Head of the Cuban Insurrection—An Interesting Statement.

The appearance of the residence of the Cuban Government, says O'Kelly, was certainly far from impressive for the strictly material mind. A narrow path through the forest led to a small clearing in the woods, in which were situated some twenty huts, constructed of pence de manaca. The ground, covered with stumps of trees, and with a scant foliage, rising on either side of a very small rivulet running through the centre of the encampment, increased the melancholy look of the place. On the further side of the little rivulet a group of young officers were waiting to receive me, among them the son of the President, Colonel Cespedes. As soon as the presentation of these gentlemen was over I was informed they were sent to conduct me to the presence of the President.

I followed them some distance to a hut a little larger and somewhat more commodious than its neighbors, but the difference could not excite discontent in the most envious mind. The most enthusiastic socialist and leveller would not desire a more modest presidential mansion.

On entering, a small, well-built man, rather stout of body and below the middle height, rose to receive me. One of the officers said:—"This is the President." And at the same time President Cespedes, advancing with hand extended, said very distinctly in English:—"I am very glad to see you."

I was willingly tempted to try a little stage effect and leave a mark for posterity. In fact, like other people in similar circumstances, I had arranged in my own mind, while toiling over those sharp, infernally pointed rocks, a very magnificent phrase; but at the last moment either my moral courage failed or my national modesty overcame me. I said nothing worthy of posterity, but simply expressed my satisfaction at seeing President Cespedes well, and thanked him for the cordial reception he was pleased to extend to me.

President Cespedes is a small man with a good deal of iron in his composition, stands remarkably erect and is nervous in action and in temperament. His features are small with a claim to regularity. The forehead, high and well formed; the face oval and a little worn by time and care; his eyes, gray with a hint of brown, are bright and penetrating. His mouth and the lower part of his face are concealed by a mustache and beard of iron gray, with a few black hairs interspersed. When he smiles he shows his teeth, which are wonderfully preserved and of extreme whiteness.

As soon as the first exchange of courtesies was concluded the President introduced me to Senor Miguel Bravo, Secretario de Guerra, and afterwards to the members of his staff. President Cespedes then requested me to be seated, pointing to a fixed stool made of rudely-planned laths, close to the table, on which were placed some pamphlets relative to the Cuban question, and a few copies of papers.

A few books and bundles of papers were arranged in an orderly manner about the hut, which contained no furniture but a hammock, table rudely constructed of sticks bound together by the Mosquito, a vegetable which grows in abundance in the woods. In addition, a few valises were placed against the side of the hut containing the Presidential wardrobe. A revolver suspended from a belt of golden texture and a sixteen shooting Winchester rifle completed the very simple furniture of the President of the Cuban Republic. The first questions were about my entry into the Cuban lines, and whether the Spaniards had permitted me to pass freely. On learning the threat of General Morales de los Rios to shoot me in case I should be captured, President Cespedes offered to send me to Jamaica in one of the Cuban boats that constantly make the passage. This offer I declined, as I have made up my mind to remain in the Spanish lines, unless something very unexpected happens to make me alter my resolution. I then expressed a wish to be allowed to pass through the Cuban lines to the Camaguey district, in order that I should be made acquainted with the state of the whole insurrection. President Cespedes at once replied:—"Every facility shall be granted you, and I shall be glad to see and examine into the state of our forces, and whatever information or papers you may require relative to the civil or military organization shall be freely placed at your disposal." Referring then to my letter on slavery in Cuba, he said:—

We were pleased with this letter, because it showed a desire to present the case of Cuba fully and truly. There are many points in it, however, about which I will speak to you at a future time. A hut has been placed at your disposal, and as you must be fatigued and may desire to rest, I will not detain you longer now, but expect you will do me the favor of breakfasting with me.

Reporter.—But if Spain should finally adopt a republican form of government would not Cuba be disposed to become reconciled to her?

Cespedes.—I cannot say what the sentiment or feelings of the people in the towns may be; but the Cubans in arms will accept no reconciliation or peace with Spain except on the condition of independence. We are separated from Spain by an ocean of water, and have interests different to hers, but we are also separated by an ocean of bloodshed and cruelty unnecessarily used by the Spanish government in their efforts to subdue us. The blood of our fathers and our brothers and of helpless, defenceless families, slaughtered in cold blood, forbids our ever accepting any conditions from the Spaniards. They must go away and leave us in peace, or continue the war until we are all dead or they have been exterminated.

Reporter.—What would become of the Spanish population in case of the abandonment of the island by Spain?

Cespedes.—At present we look upon all Spaniards as enemies, and treat them so; but if the independence of Cuba were conceded, and a treaty of peace made with Spain, those Spaniards who would select to remain would re-

ceive the same protection as other citizens, and, as the Cubans are a very orderly and law-abiding people, if it were only shown that the Spaniards were permitted by law to remain, they could do so without any fear of interference or injury at the hands of the Cubans.

Reporter.—A proposition that a certain sum of money guaranteed by America should be paid to Spain as the price of abandoning her claim to Cuba has been put in circulation by some parties. Would the Cubans accept such a solution of this difficulty?

Cespedes.—No authoritative proposition of this nature was ever made; but if such a solution would be accepted by Spain, and the sum required were not unreasonable, the Cubans, in my opinion, would be willing to accept such terms, in order to put an end to the war so barbarously waged by Spain. We desire peace, to return to the reconstruction of our homes and the well-being of the country; but before everything we want our independence. If Spain will continue the war we will fight until the country is a desert, so that Spain shall receive no benefits from the blood she is shedding uselessly. But I believe that the public opinion of the world will not long delay in coming to our aid.

The prospect for Cuba is very favorable. The Spaniards are everywhere abandoning the towns and encampments in the interior, because they have no longer the strength to defend all the country. It is my opinion that they intend retiring to the sea coast and trying to maintain themselves; but as soon as we can procure cannon and organize thoroughly our army we shall attack them in the towns. There was a moment, about a year ago, when we were reduced to terrible extremities, and we wanted everything, clothing, ammunition, arms; but to-day we have all things, and in great part taken from the enemy. It is now a matter of time before we hope to profit by the experience of the past, and continue our system of attacking the enemy, which has produced such good results. In fact, we are now living on the enemy. We take from him clothes and food and whatever else we may need. In the beginning we acted with too much generosity, setting at liberty the Spanish prisoners, even after the proclamation of the Spanish government announcing that all taken in arms should be shot, and that even the women captured in the insurgent districts would be subject to ten years' imprisonment or deportation to Fernando Po. Several times I have made efforts to induce the Spanish government to carry on the war in a civilized manner, but without result. The Spaniards have resorted to the most barbarous expedients to subdue us. Six different missions have left Havana with the intention of assassinating me. Three returned, having abandoned the enterprise, and two of the others are supposed to have perished. The third was a man who presented himself to enlist in the body guard of General Quesada. Something suspicious about him caused his arrest, and concealed on his person was found a knife. Being questioned, he confessed that he had been sent from Havana with the mission to assassinate me. Of course he was at once hanged, but these circumstances show you to what lengths the Spanish authorities are capable of proceeding. It is pleasant to record that during four years of the insurrection no attempts have been made on my life, although I live, as you see without guards and without precautions. Every one is at liberty to come in here. Only at night there is a single sentinel on duty before the door.

Reporter.—What may be the number of the armed force in the field?

Cespedes.—That is somewhat difficult to answer correctly. Owing to the condition of disorganization to which we were reduced a year ago a good deal of disorder crept in, and the difficulty of communicating with the generals, as well as the absolute want of paper and ink with which to make reports, rendered it impossible for the generals to furnish the proper returns. At one time we did not have a piece of paper as big as this envelope on which to write a communication, and were obliged to write on the leaves of the trees; but, speaking generally, I think we must have from ten to twelve thousand men in the field, with about an equal number of *concegueros* and servants, who perform service in the army. The strength of our forces is also liable to great fluctuations. In the moments of defeat large numbers disperse or desert, and, when any success has been gained, the army is suddenly augmented to an extraordinary extent. We have been lately receiving large accessions from the Spanish ranks, principally from the Cuban volunteers, many of whom come over to us with their arms and ammunition. In the district of Bayamo I am informed, in a letter lately received, that nearly four hundred volunteers have presented themselves, mostly white men, and a large proportion of these have brought with them their arms. The same things happened in Mayari after our attack. I believe that in time all the Cuban volunteers will eventually take sides with us against Spain. Should this happen our triumph will be assured.

A Murderer Dying.

James C. King, the lawyer who killed O'Neill some months ago on the stairs way leading from a law office in New York, and who has been confined in the Tombs ever since, it is now pretty certain will never be tried. King, since the day he committed the deed for which he entered the Tombs prison, has been sinking under the weight of several diseases, and has now come to such a pass that he cannot rise from his bed. Indeed the trial, which was to have been on some time since, has been postponed from time to time, to allow King to regain his health sufficiently to appear in court. Instead of this, however, he has been growing worse, and it is now certain that he can never recover his health. He never leaves his bed, and lies on constantly without moving, being unable even to sit up. It has been clear for some time past that he was not well, but it is only within the last few days that the extent of his disease has become known.

Items of Interest.

The U. S. two cent piece is to be abolished. In Brooklyn Peter Fox was sent to the penitentiary for two years for killing his son.

A deaf mute entered a Peoria saloon, lately, and wrote on his slate: "Give me an I O U note."

All the Smiths who go to Europe this summer will come home Smythes. Thompsons will omit the "p," and Bakers will style themselves Becairs.

The sale of pews in Dr. Hepworth's church in New York was a great success. So well did they sell that the gross yearly income of the church will be about \$250,000.

H. C. Gann, editor of the *Sentinel*, at Warren, Ill., accidentally shot, and dangerously wounded his wife, while carefully handling a gun which he thought was unloaded.

The Modoc assassinations have caused a profound sensation all through the United States, and a general order of extermination has been issued by the War Department.

Dry goods merchants in New York report an increase in the extravagance of fashionable women this season over any previous season, especially in laces, embroideries, silks, and velvet.

An act providing for the punishment by imprisonment in the Penitentiary of persons convicted of bribing State officers or members of the General Assembly, has passed both branches of the Ohio Legislature.

The grave of a woman buried in a Vermont town some months ago has been opened, to disprove a statement that one of the persons who prepared the body for burial had cut off a portion of her hair and sold it.

An Iowa druggist has been sued for \$5,000 damages by a woman to whose husband he is in the habit of selling liquor. She says she does not see any difference between drug-shop whisky and dram-shop whisky.

Intending visitors to the great Austrian Exposition will do well to look to their vaccination marks as well as to their letters of credit, the deaths from small-pox in Vienna, at last accounts, averaging sixty a week.

Her name is not given, but she was heard pouring forth a volume of richest melody while currying a cow in the barn, and has been sent to the penitentiary where she will come to demand \$1 for tickets from American lovers of song.

There is a gentleman out West who feels considerably taken down. He remarked to his wife that it was lucky he didn't meet Miss — before he got married, and his wife unfeelingly put in her own said, "Yes, lucky for her." The custody of the children has been awarded to the wife.

Dr. Brown who attempted to murder a gas collector, in New York, has been identified as having been sent to State prison eleven years ago for causing the death of a young girl by malpractice. The murderous attack upon the gas collector was plainly made to get the money he displayed.

Forty years ago a revolutionary soldier deposited \$100 pension money in a New Hampshire savings bank, and in each of the two following years added \$15 more. Neither principal nor interest has ever been drawn, and the amount now is \$1,298.81, with a share in an extra dividend about to be made.

Another Illinois verdict of \$5,000 for breach of promise suggests the question why it should be so hard to alter a mere intention to commit matrimony when it is so easy to dissolve a marriage already consummated; and further gives rise to the reflection that if breach-of-promise laws were repealed there would be fewer applications for divorce.

City vs. Country Newspapers.

The city weekly newspaper is usually made up from reading matter used and paid for by the daily paper, and is consequently a wide field for circulation; on account of the limited amount of the local advertising patronage, cannot afford a daily, and must make its weekly from matter expressly prepared for its columns.

The city paper is made general in character,—adapted to one part of the country as well as another, and consequently has a wide field for circulation; while the country paper must be made local, and adapted to its particular latitude, hence its circulation is limited to its particular locality. But does the city paper answer the purpose, and satisfy the wants of the country reader? By no means.

The paper published in the city realizes thousands of dollars from its advertising patronage, while the local country paper gets but a meager support from this source. The principal clerk in one of the agricultural newspaper offices in New York informed us that the "advertising patronage" of their paper amounted to an annual income of over one hundred thousand dollars.

And yet the people of the country expect the local paper to be furnished at a lower price than the city monopoly. And while he pays cash in advance for his city paper, he puts his home paper up with a promise to pay when he sells his produce after harvest, or when he gets ready, and can best spare the money, at the end of from one to three years.

The tendency of such procedure on the part of some delinquent subscribers, as well as the recent act of Congress, taking away from country publishers and their county subscribers the only boon they ever allowed them to have, will require the utmost economy in the conducting of the country papers.

The best way for subscribers to encourage their papers and keep them up to their present standard, is to be prompt in their payments.—Exchange.

WHAT IT COSTS.—Dr. Edward Young, at the head of the Bureau of Statistics in Washington, estimates the amount paid for liquors consumed in 1870 at \$300,000,000, averaging nearly \$20 for every man, woman and child. The tobacco sold in the country for smoking, chewing, and snuffing costs \$250,000,000. No wonder so many people are poor, when such sums of money are expended on indulgences of this kind.